

JOHN BULL, December 4th, 1915.

"SECURITY FOR THE FUTURE." See page ii. of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 496.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1915.

ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A
For meaning of
this number
see page 25.

*Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them :
nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest
but true.*

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.



The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving absolutely free of any charge whatever an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. You may either fill in and send to us a weekly coupon, which after its receipt at our offices will keep you insured for one week—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we, will subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...

Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding ...

Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to ...

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

£200

£100

£350

£25

£10

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS. TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To Newsagent

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

D. c. 4th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.
This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent of

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee

Address

Signature of Insured
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address

Dec. 4th, 1915.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above fill in this form and post it to us (a Half-penny Stamp will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.)

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured.....

Address.....

Age next Birthday.....

Date of Signature

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... Address.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above.

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC"

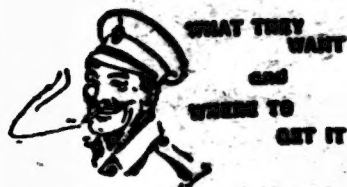
is the ideal food and body builder (spell it backwards). The name implies the quality. Booklet and Samples of all foods for Dogs or Poultry sent free by the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.

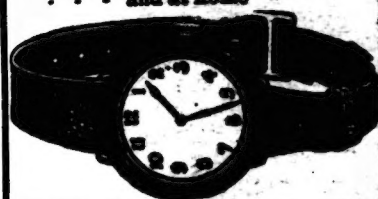
JOHN PIGGOTT'S FOR XMAS GIFTS.

See List 186.

FOR THE
SERVICES AND
CIVILIANS



WRISTLET WATCHES.
A Watch that will SHOW
THE TIME IN THE DARK
is very much wanted in these
times both on Active Service
and at home.



Nickel or Oxidized case, with
radium points and hands, perfect
timekeeper. -guaranteed one year.
12/6.

With full Radium figures 17/6.
Send for List No. 186 J.B. to
JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.,
117 & 118, Cheapside, London.

Strains & Bruises

The one remedy beyond compare for all such every-day troubles is Chameleon Oil. Footballers, runners and athletes all say it is unequalled. Greatly appreciated by soldiers in the trenches. As a family remedy no home is safe without it. Don't rub hard, but remember when applying Chameleon Oil, gently does it. The ease and comfort it gives and rapid cures its effects have made it marvellously popular everywhere. Have you proved its merits yet? If not, do so. There is hardly a day Chameleon Oil is not required.



relieves
and cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, and Aches. Of Boots Cash Chemists, and all chemists and stores, 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

All horse, dog and cattle owners should use Veterinary Chameleon Oil (price 2s. and 4s. 6d.), which locates and cures lameness and disease. No other liniment preparation will do this.



A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.

SPECIAL WAR TIME OFFER TO
THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

In this time of supreme national trial, every man and woman must be prepared to undertake greater responsibilities.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free and without obligation on your part if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
30, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupations which I have marked X.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> -Munition Work -Business Training -Book-Keeping -Salesmanship -Shopkeeping -Advertising -Boiler Engineering -Gas Power Engineering -Motor Engineering -Industrial Chemistry -Careers for Men | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> -Coal & Metal Mining -Mechanical Engineering -Draughtsmanship -Electrical Engineering -Architecture & Building -Civil Service Positions -Marine Engineering -Steam Engineering -Woodworking -Textile Manufacturing -Electric Lighting and Traction |
|--|--|

Special.—Openings for Women who are willing to help NOW.

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List

write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

HE would just love a tin of the old fashioned SWEETMEAT

Our Soldiers are developing quite a taste for sweets. Send your soldier friend a tin of WILKINSON'S PATENTED PONTFRAC CAKES. They are most delicious, and he will like them better than scones or biscuits. They are not sticky, and are packed in useful decorated tins.

WILKINSON'S PATENTED PONTFRAC CAKES

1-lb. and 1-lb. tins, of all Confectioners. 1-lb. tin post free in the United Kingdom or 1s. 3d. from
W. R. WILKINSON & CO.,
PONTFRAC.

Madame SARAH BERNHARDT
"Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Chest, Throat, and Voice, and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

BRONCHITIS—LARYNGEAL—
CHEST. ASTHMA.
THROAT. CATARRH.
VOICE COUGH

A Boon to Singers, Clergymen, Teachers. Insist on having "PINELYPTUS." Recommended by Miss Ellen Terry. Sold by Chemists and Stores only in Boxes, 1/6d. and 2s. 6d.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort." 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops and you can breathe easily.



POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME

ADDRESS

John Bull

A XMAS TREAT For the Youngsters!

Make them some Swiss Milk Toffee with

NESTLÉ'S MILK

and send him some at the Front.

Toffee made with Nestlé's Milk is 'simply ravishing'—it is delightfully creamy and is a most wholesome and nutritious sweetmeat.

TRY THIS RECIPE:

1 7½d. tin Nestlé's Condensed Milk; 2 lbs. Loaf Sugar; 1 teacupful Water; 3 ozs. Butter (salt).

Dissolve butter and sugar over a not too hot fire (or, preferably, a gas cooker), then add the milk and water. Boil slowly for 20 minutes, stirring continually in one direction; before pouring out, flavour with vanilla to taste.

With Milk and Sugar dear, Nestlé's Milk means real economy. Cash price 7½d. and 4d. per tin.

By Appointment



To H.M. The King.



Dare You Smoke in the Drawing-Room?

You needn't knock out your pipe if you smoke Bondman. The girls like the delicate fragrance of this splendid tobacco.

Bondman has a ripe, smooth, rich flavour; it smokes like a costly mixture, yet only costs 6d. an oz.

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the Front. Order from your tobacconist.

per 6d. oz.
(6½d. & 1½d. war tax)

LLOYD'S
BONDMAN
Rich, Ruddy Virginia
TOBACCO

The Mazda Lamp is the most widely used lamp in the world.

More Mazda Lamps are in use to-day than any other make of lamp. All classes—from the highest to the lowest—use them. Mazda Lamps are used in the Royal Palaces, they also brighten the poorest homes. They are used in the Houses of Parliament, the Law Courts, General Post Office, Royal Naval Colleges, by the War Office, Admiralty, and all other Government Departments.

MAZDA

DRAWN
WIRE
ELECTRIC LAMPS



have achieved their world-wide popularity because of their unsurpassed qualities. They cost the least for current. They cost the lowest for renewals. They save you money, while they give you brilliant light, and they are British made in Rugby, England. You cannot do better than use Mazda Lamps in your home. Mazda Lamps are made in all candle powers, but in only one quality—the best.

Obtainable from all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores.

(Wholesale only.) The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames St., London.
Branches in all towns.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XVIII. No. 496. Week ending Saturday, December 4th, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Peace Rumours.

Let there be no misunderstanding—peace proposals are in the air. We are not at all sure that Lord Kitchener's interviews with "Tino"—who is in daily touch with the Kaiser—are, in all the circumstances, desirable. And we do not at all like that reply of Sir Edward Grey to a question in the House of Commons, to the effect that "there was a proposal to hold a Peace Conference at Berne, but it had been postponed for, at any rate, some months." Think it over.

To the Queen's Hall—

Friday evening, at 8.30, for London's great protest against the insult of the Liquor Control Board's monstrous Order, making the metropolis of the Empire the laughing-stock of the world. All seats free. Will any reader willing to act as a steward, or otherwise assist, get in touch with the promoters of the meeting—the League of the Man in the Street, 33, Great Queen Street, Kingsway?

Asquith at His Best.

That was a delightful little speech which Mr. Asquith made at the House of Commons presentation to his daughter, although we notice that he still justified "the necessary spirit of partisanship" which attaches to political life in normal times. Party is no longer a "necessary evil."

Merthyr's Manifesto.

Perhaps after the result of the Merthyr election, Ramsay MacDonald and his crew will see that their game is up. If they do not, then we must find some other way of impressing the fact upon their minds. Our own meeting at Merthyr has evidently borne fruit.

Tod Sloan.

So poor little Tod—once the idol of the public—has been deported—what for, nobody exactly knows. We remember that not so many years ago we were invited by "Lily, Duchess of Sutherland"—in other words, Lady William Beresford—to dinner at Carlton House Terrace "to meet" this little wonder—and we wish we could have been on the quay when he went off, forgotten and forlorn—for *that* is the sort of time when the warm handshake and the God-speed (and, perhaps, a little practical help) are most appreciated.

Our Campaign.

Just back from Manchester, York, Guildford, Reading and (D.V.) Dublin, Cork and Oldham.

Bravo, Leicester!

Here is a petition which is being signed by the electors of Leicester: "We, the undersigned, Electors and Residents of Leicester, hereby express our detestation of the public attitude, utterances and writings of Mr. James Ramsay MacDonald, M.P. for Leicester, in regard to the participation of the British Empire in the present war; further, we repudiate his claim to represent the loyal convictions and patriotic sentiments of the inhabitants of this Borough, and call upon him to resign his seat in Parliament forthwith." Now then, self-respecting Leicester citizens, roll up and sign.

Fame!

We think it was at Reading that on the occasion of a recent meeting the promoters congratulated us on the wonderful house—"considering the strong counter-attractions." We ventured to ask what these might be—when we got this reply: "Well, Little Tich is here!"

The War Office.

What are the odds against Mr. Lloyd George going to the War Office, "pending Lord Kitchener's return"?

The Soldier Spirit.

We were speaking the other evening to a young V.C. officer, and we happened to remark: "This is a terrible war, isn't it?" And we were struck with his reply: "Yes, no doubt; but it's better than no war at all."

Tree's Tabernacle.

On Sunday afternoon we are at His Majesty's Theatre, with Mr. H. B. Irving in the Chair. Please come early.

The King's Pledge.

It would be interesting to know whether his Majesty's beverage is still the stuff they put round ships.

The "Globe."

Congratulations to our roseate contemporary on its reappearance. May it steer clear of the rocks in future. Whenever in doubt, all it has to do is ring us up.

Our Christmas Number.

Don't forget the date—December 10th. A magnificent production—with an autographed photo of the Editor thrown in; and all for 3d.

A Stock Exchange Hint.

Members of the Stock Exchange are wondering what all the recent mysterious "buying" means. See our first paragraph.

"Xmas" Turkeys.

This is the last week of our remarkable offer. See page 32.

Our DAY December 10, for "John Bull" Christmas Number.

Herr Von Mac. Again.

Why anybody should be amazed at anything the Herr von Mac. says about the war is difficult for us to understand, yet here we have a reader doubting whether Leicester's M.P. ever said what a correspondent of *The Times* recently attributed to him: "to wit that 'war would not have broken out had not the Admiralty wanted the North Sea fleet to have battle practice.'" Probably *The Times* correspondent alluded to a speech reported in the *Leicester Pioneer* of 7th August last year. Referring to Sir Edward Grey's speech in the House of Commons, the Herr von Mac. is reported to have said: "The speech can be brushed aside as far as argument is concerned. There is no doubt whatever about that. When all is over and we turn back to it in cold blood and read it carefully so as to ascertain why England has practically declared war on Germany, we shall find that the only reason from beginning to end in it is that our Foreign Office is anti-German and that the Admiralty was anxious to seize any opportunity of using the Navy in battle practice." But it no longer matters what this person said. Except as a tonic for the enemy, he is done for.

Writers and Fighters.

Listen to this voice from the trenches:—"Every day each unit is handed out, with the mail, a number of English papers, chiefly of the halfpenny variety. One glance at the front page is enough to make any Britisher ashamed of his country. A nice package of gloom to hand to men wet through, covered with mud and standing in water to the knees for days at a time! Good for their morale, isn't it? Here and all along the Front we are disgusted with the bickering and dirty linen-washing in Parliament. If papers must publish this, please cut it out of the copies donated to the troops." Our friend has a few special words for "Hogge, Lynch, Courtney and company," and invites them to go out and do something, alongside with men who "do," but ask no "questions." Perhaps the dailies will note what the men really think of them. Why cannot the writers be as cheery as the fighters?

A Hun's Nest in Hertfordshire.

An anxious reader makes a truly startling suggestion regarding the German "farm colony," or German army base camp, at Libury Hall, Great Munden. First of all he refers to the cleverness of German prisoners in digging subterranean passages, and then he throws this thunderbolt of a question:—"How far from this 'hospital' (the Hun's Nest) is the New River Head, which supplies with water the district between Ware and London, and not less than 3,000,000 of London's population?" His next question is:—"What would be the result if the river head were blown up?" And he says every German at Libury should be instantly removed, without notice, and every yard of all its acres thoroughly searched. The picture is rather lurid, but we have already insisted that the place must be closed and examined.

Preachment and Practice.

When the Government filled up the vacancy on the judicial bench created by the retirement of Mr. Justice Joyce, it missed a fine chance of saving £5,000 a year. But perhaps we have done them an injustice, for it is now announced that Ministers are economising by no longer issuing quill pens and free matches to M.P.s. Rumour has it that next week or the week after they intend to economise still further, by requiring each member using the Parliamentary lavatories to bring his own soap and towels. All statements that there is to be a reduction in official salaries may, however, be regarded as indubitably inaccurate.

Submarines and Ourselves.

The officers of a certain Submarine Flotilla are evidently clever journalists as well as smart sailors, for we have been favoured with a copy of the October issue (No. 11) of the *Maidstone Magazine*, which is "priceless," and "with which is incorporated, as a special treat and for this issue only, JOHN BULL!" Those naughty officers have actually parodied this journal, for the *Maidstone* contains travesties of a number of our features, including *The World*, *the Flesh*, and *the Devil*, *The Greatest of These*, *Gems from our Letter Bag*, and *Bullets!* Light-hearted are these officers who range the bed of the ocean; even their sarcasm is jollity itself. Of course, we miss a good deal of the fun because it deals with their own affairs and intimacies, but we can appreciate the jest of their motto:—"Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them; Naught shall make us blue, Unless perchance the *Maidstone Magazine* is some months overdue." May neither magazine—nor submarine—ever be overdue, is the message we send to our brother journalists!

Medicines.

Two patent medicines, Formamint and Sanatogen, were largely advertised before the war, but then very quickly disappeared from the chemists' shops because they were run by a firm of German origin—Wulfung and Co., of London, New York, and Berlin. From a number of letters addressed to us, it is evident that "Formamint" is already trying to push its way back into the British market, and we trust its efforts will meet with no encouragement. One form of advertising is to send a booklet by post to people who have not asked for it and would rather be without it. It pretends to be written "By a Physician." If it is the work of a British physician, he is wise in hiding his name. There is no need for anybody to dream of buying either Formamint or Sanatogen. The formula for the composition of each medicine is well known to our own chemists, and preparations of equal or superior value can be obtained without dealing with the enemy and without paying his absurd and inflated prices.

A War Pastime.

Despite the war, the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries continues at play. It tells us how, for the past year, it has been trying to discover the age of herrings by the rings observable upon their scales. Sapiient professional gentlemen have examined 13,000 herrings, studying their methods of growth, and they hope to acquire valuable information on how to tell a fish's age. They do not inform us who paid for the herrings, but we suppose it was the poor taxpayer; nor do we know who ate the herrings, except that the taxpayer did not. What we do know is that this expensive amusement of investigating the rings on the scales of herrings is one that might be shelved for the duration of the war and, say, ten years after. Such experiments may be of interest to fossilised scientists who draw big salaries, but they are absolutely useless and unnecessary just now. Any Mrs. Jones in any by-street can tell the age of a herring at once, by the nose. By her own nose.

Seraps of Paper.

A reader suggests that we should add to our reforms in international law "that every nation which breaks faith with another with which it has made a solemn treaty shall be considered to have broken faith with every other nation, and on this ground all its treaties shall be cancelled as those of a common enemy." The difficulty would, of course, be that the advantage in a treaty is not all on one side.

Last chance to win a turkey. See "Bullets."

One German Returns.

A German-born woman, the widow of a Doncaster man, went out to Germany before the war. When fighting commenced, she received three days' notice to get over the frontier. But, as she explained to a very bland and impressionable interviewer on a local newspaper, she was "very well known and had friends of influence," and was permitted to remain in her native land, having to report herself twice a day to the police. She has just returned to England; she fails to make it clear why she is back. But "she is very glad to be here . . . life is nicer in England. There is a freer air, freer social intercourse." It makes us wonder whether the lady is not almost too "free," and whether she should not be obliged to "report herself twice a day to the police" in this country also. She protests her preference for England, but her real feelings show themselves in this passage from her interview:—"There are cruel men in every army, but no more in the German than in any other. On the whole, the German soldier is as good-hearted and as kind as Tommy Atkins." We disagree *in toto*.

Two Bluggy Yarns.

"Terrier Leads Loos Charge Dribbling a Football," is the line in big letters right across the front page of a Sunday newspaper. The story tells how one of the London Irish charged for nearly a mile with a football at his feet. Another newspaper comes out with the headlines, "'Up with you, Dead Men!' Wounded Rise at the Word of Command. Germans Driven Out of Trench. Modern Miracle of a Transfiguration." That yarn, of how a wounded officer called on his dead men to rise, and of how they did so!—comes from France. The two tales make fine, bluggy reading, but we are appealed to by "the boys" in a certain hospital—boys who have been, and seen—to tell them which is the bigger lie of the two. As the tales are told by an Irishman and a Frenchman, we are going to swallow both. We are going to call them true. And, if they are not, they ought to be.

What Says the Home Secretary?

This is to call the attention of the Home Secretary to the facts in a case heard recently at Richmond police-court. Maud Willets was a servant and had a child, which she placed in charge of a woman named Mrs. White who, not having received any money from Willets since March, made the infant chargeable to the local Guardians in September. The Guardians then put a warrant officer on the track of Willets, and he "discovered her working in a brewery at Guildford, where she was earning 12s. a week and paid 12s. for her board and lodging and had only 1d. in her possession." A sapient member of the Bench having remarked that it was a "painful case," the painful Magistrates sent the girl to gaol for two months. We therefore ask the Home Secretary whether he thinks the sentence is either justice or mercy. Our own view is that it is damned wicked.

Made in Germany.

"Tickled Tommy," of the First Northumberland Fusiliers, thus writes to us from Hillsborough Hospital: "Will you please enlighten us as to whom we have to thank for the lavender bags issued to us this afternoon with small medallion Bible texts attached to them, such as 'I will give you peace'—backed with the familiar legend, 'Printed in Germany'?" We have not the remotest notion, unless it is that kind Christian gentleman the Baron von Bissing.

A Family Affair.

A pretty little scandal has been unearthed by the Wilts County Council. In 1910 the Agricultural Education Committee awarded a scholarship—to the son of its Secretary. Being the possessor of an agricultural scholarship, the young man went to Edinburgh University and studied medicine. Presumably the money would still be paid to him had it not happened that he, like a good man, went to the Front as a dresser. It was then discovered that the grant should not have been paid to him at all, but to some student of agriculture. His father, Secretary to the Committee, has repaid the sum of £183 6s. 8d., representing the total amount of the grant, but by taking that course he does not dispose of the matter. It should be shown how the young man "qualified" for that scholarship, and who recommended him for it—because not only has he received moneys in error, but he has also prevented some other student from receiving them. And what has the Agricultural Education Committee to say?

The Railway Constable.

A gentleman travelling up from somewhere on the coast to a terminus somewhere in London found in his carriage two Germans, man and woman, making the same journey. They conversed in German till he expostulated, and, when nearing London, the man said to the woman, "We are Flemish or Dutch or Roumanian," apparently leaving the question of nationality to the exigencies of the situation. On arriving at the terminus, our informant drew the attention of the platform constable to the couple, questioning whether they were entitled to travel from a prohibited area. The constable was of opinion that the pair might speak German if they wished, and was inclined to resent any interference. So our reader mentioned JOHN BULL, and the constable then went off at full speed to get the affair taken up by a military policeman. What the upshot was we know not, but we think a policeman at a railway station should possess certain powers and should be obliged to exercise them.

The Wrong Music.

There was but one blemish on the service of national homage to the memory of Nurse Cavell at St. Paul's Cathedral, and it was in the music. Before the opening hymn, the band of the 1st Life Guards played some orchestral pieces, and we regret to observe that the first of them was the "Grande Marche Heroique," by Schubert, "arranged by George Miller." The music of a German composer was sadly out of place on such an occasion. It was a memorial service for the victim of German crime; to preface it by an "Heroic March" written by a Hun was, surely, an error of taste. Perhaps it was only a coincidence that the chosen piece was "arranged" by Mr. Miller, the conductor on that day. Or was that the reason such an unfortunate selection came to be made?

In His Own House.

Commendations were offered to the Rev. A. Ross Taylor, Chairman of the Falkirk Burgh Board School, for his outspoken thankfulness that the new theology which came from Germany has gone, bag and baggage, as he hopes "everything else German will go." Commendations are also due to the Falkirk journalist who at once retorted, "Then why not make a start with the German master in the Falkirk High School, Mr. Taylor? This guest has overstayed his welcome." Patriotism, like charity, begins at home.

The sword is mightier than the pen. Give Tommy a "J. B." Pen.

From the Canon's Mouth.

Canon Matthew, the Rector of Wigan, thinks it decent to describe ordinary doings in notorious terms; by this abuse of language quite proper proceedings assume an aspect of impropriety. After telling Wigan that repentance is what we need to win the war with, he said that people, instead of repenting, "plumed themselves on supposed good deeds." And then he said that war funds had been raised "by sending our young women and girls into the streets to forget their modesty and solicit men for money." The misuse of such words by a man in the pulpit is revolting. Had the Canon said the girls were "begging," that would have been criticism to meet with argument; to say they were "forgetting their modesty," and "in the streets" "soliciting men for money" is an insult so vile that indignation is breathless to think a clergyman should so manipulate and distort the language. The Canon, who preaches charity to all men, should practise it towards our daughters, and must not, by implication, brand them with a stigma wholly undeserved.

Deadly Petrol.

Cæsar Schlesinger, naturalised now but a German once, resides at Loughton Hall, Loughton, "in the Eastern Counties District." There were reports in the neighbourhood that excessive stores of petrol were being stocked somewhere, but it was left for some smart young men of the Army Flying Corps to find where that somewhere was. They were received at Loughton Hall, "for hospitality," and, strolling in the garden, they found in a shrubbery 36 cases, each containing four two-gallon tins of petrol. The defence was that a "genuine mistake" had been made, because Schlesinger had ordered tins, and his agents sent cases. As there was delay in sending the stuff back, it was put into the shrubbery for safety. That was the story, and the Bench accepted it—for, "treating the matter as an ordinary case," they fined defendant 20s. If that alarming store of petrol was an ordinary case, we wonder what on earth would be regarded as extraordinary. The Magistrates who imposed that absurd fine should be put where they can do no more harm.

Not Doing His Best.

To a certain Stoke Newington gentleman Lord Derby addressed one of his letters, asking him whether he was doing his best for his country, and whether he would not respond to its call. The man is certainly not doing anything at present to serve his native land—and it is to be hoped he never will again, for his country is Austria, and he is at present a prisoner of war at the Alexandra Palace Concentration Camp. No doubt, if released, he would be pleased to join the ranks again—for Austria; but that, we assume, is not the intention underlying Lord Derby's appeal. But there was stupid carelessness on somebody's part when that letter left the Recruiting Office at Stoke Newington.

Building at Bargoed.

Mr. Horace Davis, of Bargoed, explains, in reference to the postcard sent by him to an applicant for employment bearing the words, "If not over 40 you can start at once," that the job was on a building 70 ft. high, and the bricklayers engaged on it at the time were quite unfitted for the work. He therefore advertised, and wrote the note in question to someone who replied from a distance, as it was impossible to put an old man on such a job, and he wished to prevent the applicant spending money in fares possibly for nothing. Mr. Davis tells us that he does not think his firm have in their employ three men eligible for the Army—which is good news.

Charity Barred.

Cinema proprietors at Cleveland desired to join in the Cinema Day contribution to Red Cross funds, and they asked the Justices at Guisborough to permit one performance on a Sunday. The authority was refused by the Bench, and our Red Cross will necessarily miss the contribution of Cleveland—thanks to the local cranks. The lawyer who opposed the application on behalf of an archbishop, four parsons, some ministers, and their congregations—who evidently dreaded the opening of any opposition show for even one night—made a remark that deserves to be recorded. He said that the Guisborough Magistrates had already, a year ago, refused any Sunday opening of the cinemas, and added, "this was the same application, except it was one made in the interests of charity." As though that difference were not enough! The proprietors, not able to open for their own profit, wished to open for sweet charity's sake. And a lawyer said it was "the same thing"—barring charity! And so, once more, charity was barred—by bigotry.

"Most Gratifying."

It seems difficult to satisfy Messrs. Rodocanachi (Chairman), Sechiari, and Agelasto, Directors of the Ariadne Shipping Co., Ltd. Having in their report remarked that the increase in the insurance fund account is most gratifying, they proceed to intimate that a proposal for the special remuneration of the directorate will be submitted to the shareholders; then to state that unless the Government adopt saner financial methods to carry on the war their demands will entirely stop all enterprise, that the effects of the excess profits taxation is already felt in very considerably restricting the funds available for constructing new British tonnage—and finally wind up with the remark that "the Directors recommend a dividend of 40 per cent. per annum." What do they want? Shent per shent?

Germhuns as British Schoolmasters.

In reply to our inquiry whether there are still Germhun schoolmasters in this country, a Walton lady assures us that she can furnish us with the name of a school in the Midlands which has still a Germhun master on its staff; and also with the name of a neighbouring village where, many times in the last four months, he has taken divine service. "Surely," she says, "he is a most unsuitable person to officiate as a clergyman of the Church of England. Needless to say, many parishioners refuse to sit under the sound of a pronounced Germhun accent. How many Englishmen are at present preaching in Germhun pulpits, one wonders?" We do not think Germhuns are suitable for pulpits at all. Their holy services are much more appropriate to slaughter houses.

A Letter to a Soldier.

A British soldier writes us to say that he has received a lithographed letter from the Rev. C. P. Way, of Henbury Vicarage, Bristol, offering to send him a weekly letter to prepare him for confirmation. There is no harm in this, but our rev. friend has undoubtedly an unfortunate way of putting it. "How interesting it will be," he says, "if I have a class of men at the front as well as one in Henbury Church. It rests with you. I think, however, that most of our Henbury men in the services have been confirmed. What of your communions? Of course if you are an evil liver, a swearer, impure, a drunkard, you must change your life." However the Vicar means it, any man receiving this letter will probably regard the last sentence as an insulting insinuation.

Our surety your safety.

See page ii of cover.

A Model Disappointment.

Messrs. Bassett-Lowke, Ltd., Model Shipbuilders, London and Northampton, offer a tempting line in their "Latest Topical Novelty," which is a model "built to scale" of our warships. "They are carefully and accurately made of selected wood, with metal guns, etc., and finished in proper naval colours." The price for a model torpedo boat destroyer was only 1s. 6d., and a sailor sent up the needful. He expected to receive the advertised bargain, though he might have been less expectant had he noticed the statement, "Torpedo Boat Destroyers are enamelled in black," because this scarcely seems to fit the promise of "proper naval colours." What he got for his money is a little piece of wood with things sticking up on it to represent funnels, and blacked all over. We admit that it has a certain prettiness, and if sold as a penny toy it would be entitled to popularity. But in all candour we must sympathise with the sailor.

The Only Hogge.

An unhealthy curiosity in war-time is inimical to the best interests of the State; when it is exercised in Parliament by Mr. Hogge it becomes impertinent as well as unpatriotic. He should know better than to pester for information of a statistical nature which it is desirable to withhold for the moment, and which might injure the country and help the enemy if it were disclosed. The Edinburgh newspaper that specialises in supporting egregious Hogge makes moan because that person "failed in his attempt to get the recruiting figures for Scotland," and then, knowing it would serve no useful purpose to publish the figures, promptly proceeds to state its own notion of how many possible recruits Scotland can supply. We would rather leave Germany guessing at the figures than give the exact number. Mr. Hogge's newspaper friend regrets that Scotland has no other "watch-dogs" to equal him; we, on the contrary, are glad he is the only Hogge.

"Veritas."

In a recent supplement to the *Ironmonger*, we notice a prominent advertisement commending the wares of Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co., Ltd., manufacturers of gas burners and mantles, while elsewhere in the same journal it is stated that the Australian Government has laid an absolute embargo upon dealings with this firm. As far as the Australian Commonwealth is concerned, business transactions with Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co. will in future be regarded as "trading with the enemy," and will involve statutory penalties. It is just possible, of course, that there may be two distinct companies involved, but, on the face of things, there seems to be a loose screw somewhere around. Is the *Ironmonger* satisfied that Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co., of London and Glasgow, are a true British firm, with whom its readers may properly deal?

"Paying for Promises."

Allen is artful. As already indicated, he advertises from King Street, Snow Hill, for carpenters and others, and requires a registration fee of 5s., or 2s. 6d. But he says that it must not be expected that he guarantees everybody a job at once; though he will "endeavour to place all applicants for work as early as possible." One workman who made application on ordinary note-paper was soon enlightened as to the enormity of the offence he committed. Allen wrote back:—"Dear Sir.—Enclosed are forms. Please fill in and return. I make my terms, not you.—Geo. Allen." Short and sweet, like the donkey's tail. What Allen wants is the registration form duly filled up—and the fee. For that, you get his promise.

German Thieves.

The Wilmslow Magistrates are merciful to the thieving foe. Three Germans, who might have been charged with the very serious offence of housebreaking, pleaded guilty to stealing tobacco and other articles valued at £19 4s. from the caterers at the Handforth Concentration Camp, where the Huns were interned. The surprising sentence passed by the supine Justices was "one month in the second division." Why such lenience should be shown is a mystery; hard labour at the very least should have been their portion, and for a much longer term than a mere month. What, we wonder, would be the sentence passed on a British prisoner in Germany, if one could be found capable of such an offence? To judge by other cases, the offender would be hanged, drawn, and quartered. To emphasise their weakness, the Wilmslow beaks wound up by "feeling that the caterers should take more care to protect the canteen." Perhaps, next time, they will sentence the caterers to a month and present the German thieves with a testimonial.

"Leather Stitchers in Long Acre."

Our account of the deputation of Bermondsey women workers who waited on us to complain of the wage paid them by Messrs. Hepburn, Sale and Co., is supplemented by a letter from the Secretary to the Military Harness, Accoutrement, and General Leather Workers' Trade Union. He says the Union has argued out the matter of Messrs. Hepburn's rates of pay with Sir George Askwith, with Mr. Lloyd George, and with the Contracts Department of the War Office, but "can get nothing definite as regards a decision, so the workers have to wait" for a proper interpretation of the Fair Wages Clause. In the South Eastern District, says the Secretary, conditions are as bad as ever they were, and the terrible sweating system is in full force. In the Midlands things have been bettered by the Trade Union. Bermondsey will have to submit, he says, unless it joins the Union. Then things can be altered. They certainly should not remain as they are.

The Dispatch-Rider.

Caustic with sarcasm is an expression of gratitude to a Richmond Magistrate that comes from a soldier's mother. "I thank him," she says, "for the just or unjust fine on my son." He had newly signed on as dispatch-rider, and, eager to serve his King and country, he unfortunately and unwittingly exceeded the speed limit, in Sheen Road. He was fined £5, although it was a first offence. "And," says the grateful mother, "the Magistrate thus deprived the lad of being able to purchase the few luxuries he required before facing many hardships." We do not envy the feelings of the Magistrate when he read that rebuke, signed by "His Mother." From every point of view the fine was mercilessly severe, and we regret to say we have received similar complaints from other dispatch-riders to whom no quarter has been shown.

An Interesting New Book.

Our readers will be interested to learn that another book by our contributor, Mr. Walter Crotch—whose articles in our columns during the past few months have proved so popular—is this week being published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Mr. Crotch is generally recognised to-day as our most authoritative Dickensian scholar—and his new book, "The Pageant of Dickens," will make a wide human appeal to all classes of the community. From what we have seen of it, it appears to be a masterly analysis of the fine and arresting moral teachings of the "Lord of Laughter and of Tears," and we recommend everyone either to procure a copy without delay or to make an immediate demand for it at the library.

Follow Mr. Bottomley.

Read "Everywoman's Weekly."

CITIZENS, ARISE!

THE PERIL OF THE PROWLER—THE TURNING OF THE WORM— LONDON'S GREAT PROTEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

The politician who takes advantage of the patriotism of the people for the purpose of deliberately filching away their liberties, under the guise of war emergency, is as much a traitor to the nation as the man who exploits the war for the purpose of lining his pockets with gold. And they are both thieves. We have all gladly surrendered our freedom to any extent legitimately demanded by the exigencies of the war; and we have submitted cheerfully to every financial sacrifice imposed upon us. But a worm will turn; and it is now perfectly obvious that the teetotal cranks (mostly pro-Germans) have nobbled the Government, and are determined not only to ruin a great and legitimate trade, but also to emasculate the manhood of the nation—to slander the workers, and to defame the women of Britain; all of which is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the Liquor Control Board includes the repulsive M.P., Philip Snowden—the author of the phrase “a drink-sodden democracy.” This egregious body has been going about the country holding secret Star Chamber “Inquiries,” in conjunction with all the local Nosy Parkers.

ABUSE OF POWERS.

That the Board is grossly abusing its powers there can be no question whatever. The whole spirit of its constitution and functions has relation to the exigencies of munition production. The section of the Act from which it derives its authority expressly speaks of the drink restrictions as being “expedient on the ground that war material is being made, or loaded, or unloaded, or dealt with in transit,” or “that men belonging to his Majesty's Naval or Military Forces are assembled in the area.” It will therefore be seen that there is no question of temperance legislation, in the ordinary sense of the phrase. That this is the correct view is emphasised in a letter now before me, written by Dr. Addison, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Munitions Board, in which he says: “We are concerned with nothing more than the expeditious output of munitions, and that is the first and last object of the Control Board.” No declaration could be more explicit than this. Lest, however, there should be any doubt on the subject, I take the declaration of Lord D'Abernon, when addressing a recent deputation of teetotalers: “We are essentially a War Emergency body—to increase efficiency for purposes of war, insofar as that efficiency may be limited by drunkenness. *We are not a body for general reform.*” It is quite evident, however, that the more extreme members of the Board are determined to abuse their powers in the most shameless manner. Mr. Snowden, for instance, speaking at Sheffield the other day, said: “There never will be, even after the war, a return to the old hours,” whilst other members

are openly boasting that they have well got in the thin end of the wedge of total prohibition. Even Lord D'Abernon himself has gone out of his way to extend the activities of the Board to the problem of drinking by women, and recently told us that he and his colleagues “had been so much impressed by the evidence brought forward that they were, in conjunction with the Minister of Munitions, considering the appointment of a Women's Advisory Committee to report upon alleged excessive drinking on the part of women, and to suggest action, if required.” These Advisory Committees have now been set up—thus taking the Board entirely beyond its legal jurisdiction, and constituting, as I shall show, the most abominable system of espionage and slander upon our womenfolk.

DEFAMING THE WOMEN.

I was in Manchester the other day whilst the Board was holding a local “Inquiry,” and I found the city up in arms against the secret and partisan nature of the proceedings. Over a thousand important Lancashire manufacturing firms had signed declarations that no additional restrictions were necessary, and large bodies of working men had sent in postcards protesting against having their liberties further curtailed. But only a privileged and carefully selected few “representatives” of the employers were admitted to the Inquiry. That, however, was a relatively small matter compared with the outrageous methods which were being adopted at the instance of the Board towards the women. Would you like to have an idea of the “Questions for Investigators”? It will be observed that not a single one is put as to the effect upon the production of munitions—and that the whole thing resolves itself into an inquiry of the very kind which Lord D'Abernon assured us did not come within the scope of the Board's power:—

Has drinking among women increased since the beginning of the war?

What kind of liquor is consumed? Spirits, beer, wine—medicated or otherwise?

In what class of women and in what industries, is the increase, if any, specially marked?

Is the increase mainly amongst girls or older women?

Is it among women who drank before, or have others taken to drink?

How far has it been caused—

(a) by war allowances?

(b) by increased wages?

(c) by excitement or anxiety?

Do the women chiefly drink at home or in the public house? If at home, how do they get their drink?

What effect has this increase of drinking—

(a) upon the home?

(b) upon the children?